

To Miss. Cora Kimberly.

I have no mother now

Composed by

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WOMEN'S FASHION OF 1812

I HAVE NO MOTHER NOW.

FRANZ STAAB.

Andante con moto.

legg.

p

ritard.

The mid - night stars are gleam - ing, Up -

on her si - lent grave; Now sleep - eth with out -

dream - ing, The friend we could not save. The

4 ritard.

p ritard.

cloud of grief is keep - ing, Its shad - ow on my

f ritard.

p ritard.

brow; Oh blame me not for weep - ing, I

ritard.

have no moth - er now.

8va.

ritard.

2d. Verse.



Yet not a - lone she lieth, One an - gel child is there; No



more for him she sigh - eth, For death hath joined the pair; To -

ritard.



geth-er sweet-ly sleep - ing, Be-neath the lo - cust bough; Oh

ritard.



blame me not for weep - ing, I have no moth - er now.

3d. Verse.



No moth - er now to bless me, With love sincere and true; No



moth - er to ca - ress me, As she was wont to do; No

ritard.



mother's grief is heap - ing, Its cloud up - on my brow; Oh

ritard.



blame me not for weep - ing, I have no moth - er now.

